Lawrence Democrat.

W. T. NIXON, W. A. STEWART, } Publishers.

LAWRENCEBURG, TENNESSEE.

THE GRAVE-DIGGER.

It was an old man with his spade
Amid the churchyard's marble throng;
And while the gaping pit he made
He murmured low this mournful song:

"For prince and pauper, small and great,
For man and maid, both young and old,
'Tis I who shut the final gate
And bar it with the turf and mold.

"Oh, she was young, and she was fair,
Her face was bonny as the rose;
She had the sunbeams for her hair,
And for her brow the drifted snows.

"Kind God this mortal flower shall bring
Immortal to Himself above,
When breaks that glad, eternal spring
In all the glory of His love."

The task and song both ended were;
But ere he went, one spotless bloom
He plucked in memory of her
And cast into her empty tomb!

—Frank Dempster Sherman, in N. Y. Independent.

"EVER OF THEE."

Romantic Story of a Song the Whole World Knows.

Written By a Tramp Who Put His Soul Into the Pathetic Music—Story of a Lost Love for Which Alone He Lived and Breathed.

Perhaps the most popular song ever written was "Ever of Thee."

It is not untrue to state that no song ever had such a sale, and certainly no publisher ever reaped so much profit from a song as did Mr. Turner from the publication of "Ever of Thee." But there is a romance attaching to it which until now has not been written.

It happened in this way: On a cold day in the January of 1850 the door of Mr. Turner's music-shop, in the Poultry, London, was nervously opened, and a most unclean, ragged specimen of humanity dragged himself in.

He looked as if he hadn't been washed for months. His beard was unkempt, and dirty and matted. For boots he wore some folds of dirty rags, and in all he was a specimen of the most degraded class of that community.

One of the clerks said to him: "You get out of here."

The two ladies who happened to be in the shop noticed his woe-begone look, and were about to offer him some money, when a Mr. T—— (a clerk in the establishment), seeing the poor fellow shivering with cold and apparently hungry, pitied him and brought him into the workshop so that he might have a "warm-up" by the stove. A few minutes after, Mr. Turner, the proprietor, came in, and seeing the ragged individual asked what he wanted and "who allowed him in?"

"I did," said Mr. T——; "the poor fellow looked so cold and miserable I couldn't send him out in the piercing wind without giving him a warm, and, besides, he says he has some business with you."

"Business with me!"

"Yes, sir, I have a song I should like you to listen to."

Turner eyed him from head to foot, and then laughed outright.

The miserable-looking object at the stove began to grow uneasy, and begged to be allowed to play the air of his song, which he then unearthed from his rags, and handed to the music publisher. Turner looked at it and said:

"Who wrote this?"

"I did, sir," came from the rags.

"You! Well, I'll have it played over, and if it's any good I'll give you something for it."

"I beg your pardon, sir, I prefer to play it myself."

"What! you play? Well, bring him up to the piano room when he gets warm, and we'll humor him."

In a few minutes the bundle of rags was seated at the concert grand piano, and "Ever of Thee" was played for the first time by its composer, James Lawson.

His listeners were electrified when they heard the dilapidated-looking tramp make the piano almost speak. His touch was simply marvelous, and his very soul seemed to be at his finger tips. When he had finished he turned to his little audience and said:

"I'd like to sing for you, but I have a terrible cold. I haven't been in bed for five nights. I'm hungry, sir, and I feel I could not do it justice."

Turner was almost dumb with amazement. The air would take; he knew it would be a success and he decided that this man had a history which, perhaps, might advertise the song. So he determined to cultivate him, and in flattery (as he thought), pressed him to sing "just one stanza."

Lawson protested, but finally agreed, and if Turner was amazed when he heard him play, he was positively enraptured with that hungry voice, hungry with love, hungry physically, pouring out in the sweetest of tenors the first stanza of the song in which his soul lived.

It was the story of lost love, but he cherished it, and as he sang it was easy to see that he lived and breathed only for that love.

"Ever of Thee" has never been so sung since. But that trial verse made its success, and to the experienced publisher, Mr. Turner, it was decidedly apparent that he had secured a great song.

Addressing Mr. T——, he said: "Mr. T——, take this man along; get him a bath, a shave, some decent clothes; in fact, fix him up like a gentleman and bring him here, and we shall see about this song."

T—— "took him along." He took him to a bath, and while the unclean was being made clean he bought for him a shirt, a pair of shoes, some socks, collars, cuffs and underwear. Then he had him shaved. Then they hied to a clothier's, and, having removed the rags, Lawson was quickly clad in fine raiment.

The change was beginning to tell. Already the tramp seemed to be the guide and treasurer. He was a splendid-looking fellow and had quite a distingue appearance. But the hat was still there, and a mirror-like chimney pot was purchased to complete the make-up. T—— laughed when all was finished.

He was in his working clothes, and this unfortunate looked like a duke. The good clothes fitted him, and they suited him and his appearance much too well to continue the assumption that Mr. Lawson was a tramp. He was a gentleman all over, and he looked it. T—— said to him:

"Mr. Lawson, I wish you would go into the shop before me. They won't know you, and it will be such a joke."

"I don't mind that, Mr. T——, but won't you let me have a drink? I want it—please let me have a drink."

T—— refused to stand the drink; he told Mr. Lawson that if he wanted a dinner he could have it, but drink he could not have. Finally, the two went into the Ship and Turtle dining-rooms, and over chocolate and sirloin steak, the author of "Ever of Thee" told the following story:

"I was once rich, Mr. T——. You know what I am now. You were astonished to hear me play the piano so well. That little song has been the only companion from which I gained any comfort for the past twelve months. It brought back to me the days when I was rich, loved, looked up to and happy. Of course, it has its sad side for me. But the memory of what it recalls is the dearest thing in my existence."

T—— interrupted him at this point, and indicated that it was growing late.

"Please bear with me," rejoined his companion. "Let me tell you how and why I composed the little song. Two years ago I met a girl in Brighton. If God ever allowed one of His angels to come on earth she was that one. I adored her. She seemed to return the affection. I escorted her everywhere, was at her beck and call morn, noon and night, and it was currently believed that Miss Blank and I were engaged. I had to return to London on business, and when I went back to Brighton she was gone.

"Three months later I met her at a ball. She had just finished a waltz with a tall, good-looking man, and was promenading the hall on his arm. She recognized me. But when I said, 'How do you do, Miss Blank?' she quickly replied:

"'I am well, Mr. Lawson, but I am surprised to hear you call me Miss Blank. When you left Brighton so suddenly I thought I should never see you again. You left no address—never called again, and—well, I am married.'

"'To whom?' I gasped.

"'To Mr. Prize,' she replied, pointing at the same time to the gentleman with whom she had been dancing.

"That ended my life. My Marie, my dream, was gone. I left the hall, went to a low gambling place, and in drink and gambling endeavored to kill my grief. It lasted but a little time, for in four months I was penniless.

"Then came my trial. The men who played with me shunned me. My friends shut their doors, and a few days later my last sovereign was gone. I was utterly stranded, homeless, and unhappy as it would be possible to make a human being. For nights I slept in the cabmen's coffee-houses; then I was considered a nuisance, and some doorstep served me for a bed. I pawned every trinket, decent suit of clothes—everything, and finally I spent three months in a work-house under an assumed name.

"It was there the presence of Marie haunted me again. One day—Christmas Day—we were at dinner. Several rich people came to distribute among us such gifts as tobacco, warm clothes, etc. I was hungry and didn't look at the visitors, when suddenly a voice said to me:

"'My good man, which would you prefer, some warm clothing or some pipes and tobacco?' I looked up. It was Marie. I rushed from the table out into the fields, and there I was found hours after insensible.

"In my bed, there in that work-house hospital, I wrote the words of the song you heard me sing to-day. Then I got well, and, sick of life, I left the place and became night watchman at some new buildings that were putting up in Aldersgate street. While there the music of my song came to me. I got a scrap of manuscript music paper and jotted it down, and for a time I was happy. My old friends often passed me at night, jolly and careless, little dreaming that James Lawson was the poor night watchman who answered their indolent questions.

"Often when all was still I poured out my soul in this little song, and after awhile the night gamins used to come and listen to me. It pleased them. To me it brought back the memory of a dead love and a ruined life. But you are tiring of my story. There is little more to tell.

"I could not endure the solitary meditation of my past. I again began to drink. I lost my situation, and as a last resort I thought that perhaps my little song was worth a few shillings and brought it to Mr. Turner."

At this the fellow burst into tears. When he was himself again they went out, and a few minutes afterward Mr. Turner, addressing Lawson, said:

"Mr. Lawson, here is ten shillings. It will be enough to get your supper and a decent room to-night. To-morrow morning I want you to call here, and I shall give you a good position in my warehouse. As for your song, I want you to remember this: If you will keep sober I will pay you a good royalty, but if you spend this ten shillings in drink not another penny will you get."

Lawson left the shop, and did not make his appearance for five days. Then he was in a condition almost as bad as when he first entered it. His vest was gone; his boots were exchanged for old ones; his hat—well, it was an apology for a hat. His coat (an old one) was buttoned tight around his collarless neck, and his hair was unkempt and face unshaven—as unclean as he was five days ago. Mr. Turner looked at him. He did not even speak to him. The smell of bad rum sufficiently told him all he wished to know. He took a half-crown from his pocket, handed it to Lawson, and turned on his heel. Addressing Mr. T——, he said: "If this man comes here again, put him out."

The composer of "Ever of Thee" immediately left the shop, and Heaven only knows what his fate has been. Certain it is that he never called at Turner's again.

Men, women and children of every color and clime sing the song of the tramp, Lawson. And the composer and his sad life are forgotten and unrecognized in the dear, old song, "Ever of Thee."—St. John Globe.

Nuts for Criminal Lawyers.

Prisoner was being tried for murder; evidence against him purely circumstantial; part of it a hat found near the scene of the crime; an ordinary round, black hat, but sworn to as the prisoner's. Counsel for the defense, of course, made much of the commonness of the hat. "You, gentlemen, no doubt each of you possess such a hat of the most ordinary make and shape. Beware how you condemn a fellow-creature to a shameful death on such a piece of evidence," and so on. So the man was acquitted. Just as he was leaving the dock, with the most touching humility and simplicity, he pulled his hair and said: "If you please, my Lord, may I 'ave my 'at?"—Cornhill Magazine.

FARM AND GARDEN.

THE HAY CROP.

Some Seasonable Hints for Cutting, Curing and Stacking, Etc.

There are thousands of tons of hay wasted by careless stacking and improper covering, but tens of thousands of tons are wasted and trampled under feet by careless and improper feeding. A little over a year ago an Iowa farmer sent to the Orange Judd Farmer a sketch and description of a rack to feed hay, which was illustrated in its columns. He says: I have used such a rack for several years, and I think it is the very best I have used or seen described, and much superior to the one illustrated in this journal a few weeks ago, as I know by actual experience with both. But I have hit upon what I consider a better scheme in feeding hay, and that is a hay-stack rack (illustrated herewith). Build your rack before you stack your hay. It is best to build it so as to make a fence, where the cattle do not have access, to answer for one side. Then build your rack on the other side and ends, according to the size of stack. I have seen some with rack all around, but think that this is more costly and unnecessary.

Place good heavy posts (a) seven feet long, two and a half feet in the ground and eight or ten feet apart. Put short braces on the inside of each post (not

HAY-STACK FEED RACK.

shown in engraving) to prevent the stock from pushing it in when reaching for hay. Spike two two-inch planks (b) one foot wide around the bottom. Then bolt a 4x4 inch piece (c) or good heavy pole above the top of planks two, or two and a half feet, according to the size of the stock, as full-grown cattle will require a larger space than calves or young stock. This rail is necessary, as cattle are very liable to "box" one another into the rack, and falling on their backs if not found at once will get killed, as I know by actual experience; even after they were dehorned they would force a weaker animal into the manger. Let your cattle just eat the hay from the stack, making them eat it as near the bottom as possible, and then throw out the refuse that accumulates in feeding.

Then throw it down from one end just as you would if you were going to haul it to the rack, exposing no more of the stack than you can feed in two or three weeks. Fill the rack around the side of the stack to the top of the planks, as the stock are liable to pull the hay out and trample it under foot if piled up to the railing. Give them just enough so they will clean it up well, and before feeding again throw out all the refuse, just as you do with your horses' mangers.

If you have good hay, well stacked, it is a pleasure to feed it this way, and an easy matter, too. The reason I think

A CHEAP HAY SHED.

this stack rack preferable to any other is because it is less labor and does not waste so much if properly used. In hauling it to the rack it has to be pitched on the wagon, requiring one man to build, and then it has to be pitched on the rack and tramped in. In this way, it is fed at the bottom of the stack, saving much unnecessary handling. With good shelter, plenty of good hay and 3 or 4 ears of corn per day, stock cattle will winter in good shape.

The money in hay lies in getting a large yield from a small amount of land, and in getting a good article and taking care of it. One therefore needs a shed, as it is much better than a stack. This need not be an expensive structure. Five tolerable straight poles twenty feet long, eight feet apart on each side with three in the middle. Roof with boards. This will suffice for an ordinary eighty-acre farm. There should be four or five feet of fall in the roof, and the twenty-foot poles should set three or four feet in the ground. This, at the most, should not cost over twenty-five dollars, and if in a timber country where poles can be had cheaply, and a man does the work himself, there need not be much expense outside the eight hundred feet of lumber which the roof requires.

Marketing Strawberries.

When we begin picking, writes President Smith, of the Wisconsin Horticultural Society, the boys and girls are engaged ahead. Each picker has two boxes—one to put perfect berries in, the other for small ones. Then a boy whose business is to carry boxes takes the filled boxes and leaves the empty ones. He puts the filled boxes in a crate, and when this is full, it is carried by another boy to the cellar on a wheelbarrow with springs on it. They stay here until thoroughly cooled. We sometimes use ice to do this. They are handled as little as possible. We make our own crates of lath, nailed on to end boards of lumber of the right width. We drive to market on a walk. Each crate holds 16 boxes. The fruit is carefully taken to the depot, but after leaving our hands it is sometimes abused by express agents. It takes seven laths to make a 16-qt. crate. A boy will put up one in 10 minutes. A 24-qt. crate can be made at a cost of not over five cents. We place three laths on the sides. I sometimes bribe the express boys not to steal the berries by offering them all they can eat.

It pays to feed meal to cows giving milk, and if a cow insists on having it every time she does a good turn by forcing us to be regular. Of all losses incurred by American farmers, scarcely any one is greater than that which comes from allowing cows to fail in their milk for want of sufficient food of a kind that answers their requirements.

In the barn or under a good shed every damp day and night, and in the sunshine whenever it is fair, is the place for sheep in cold weather, says the Northwestern Agriculturist. But they must have plenty of fresh air and clean room. The occasional use of a little deodorizer, like carbolic acid, is a good thing in the sheep pen.

A piece of farm work done in season is twice as valuable as the same work done out of season.

SUMMER PIGS.

Are They Profitable?—Views of a Farmer Who Thinks That They Are.

No effort is made, says Farm and Home, to secure a lot of summer pigs usually. There is a feeling with breeders and farmers that they will not do well during hot weather—that there is danger of the sows dying at farrowing time and that the pigs will perish from heat. It is also thought that such a lot of pigs will be too young to put on the market before severe winter sets in and that they must be wintered and fattened the next summer, when a fall lot would answer just as well—when the dangers of parturition are not so great. Let us look at this matter.

If through losses of March or earlier farrowing we have sows that can be bred for summer litters we do not hesitate on account of prospective heat, but when farrowing time comes we are careful to know that the sows have an abundance of shade, with pure, clear water and clean wallows in reach. Care is also taken to have the sows in good thriving condition, although not fat. If the sows have good pasture and are in good condition when bred they will keep up in flesh and gain some as parturition approaches, without any grain. It is unsafe to feed grain for fear the flow of milk will be too great and rich when the youngsters want it.

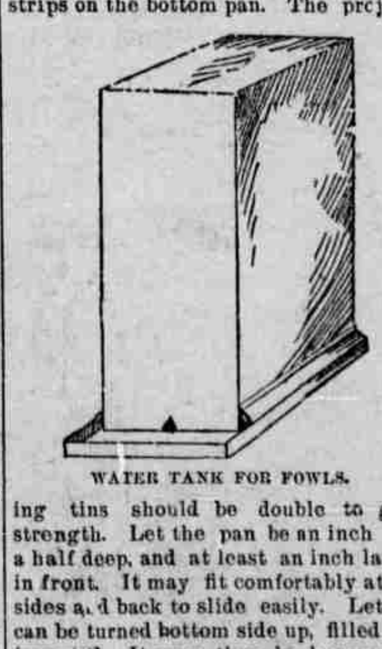
It is a good plan to start a young sow with a summer litter. This will give her time to regain the strength lost in suckling before time to breed for a spring litter. The run of grass before and after farrowing secures the best development of the milk-secreting organs, which is an important matter, and bears on the future usefulness of the sow. After farrowing, a sow and litter can be cared for with less expense than at any other time in the year. The grass being plenty, the sow will do well with a small ration of grain without slop. The little family can also do the gleaning of the stubble fields and are the size to take well to pumpkins and refuse fruit and early ripening grains. The state of the weather makes it unnecessary to provide any shelter other than abundant shade. They can be carried along till grass is done and the weather begins to get cold, without any great care from the farmer. With September or October pigs it requires the best of care from the time they are farrowed to bring them to winter quarters in good shape, while the summer pigs come to cold weather large and strong.

The majority of farmers do not think of putting March or April pigs on the market till February, which is a serious mistake. June and July pigs can be marketed in February at as good a weight as is usually made with the early spring pigs. It can be done without burning out with corn, as many suppose, if an early spring pig is fed corn in abundance all summer. A pig can be crowded with food rich in albuminoids without breaking down or burning out the system. This is the way I handle my summer pigs. Breeding stock can advantageously be selected from summer farrowing. Sows so selected can be bred to farrow at fourteen months old, and they have more time in the grass field than a sow selected from early spring farrowing. This is a most important point in the development of breeding stock, and, besides, they are more certain to do well with their pigs than a young sow bringing her pigs without grass range.

COLD WATER.

A Convenient Tank for the Poultry Yards.

It is important to give fowls fresh, clean drink. A tank which I have invented is well worth copying. The upper part may be a sirup can with the bottom cut off. In front at the lower edge a V-shaped notch may be cut, three-quarters of an inch deep. On the opposite side at the top a bucket ear may be soldered. At the sides of the bottom and near the corners narrow strips projecting outward should be soldered to slide under corresponding strips on the bottom pan. The project-



WATER TANK FOR FOWLS.

ing tins should be double to gain strength. Let the pan be an inch and a half deep, and at least an inch larger in front. It may fit comfortably at the sides and back to slide easily. Let the can be turned bottom side up, filled and inverted. It may then be hung up to suit the fowls, the ear soldered on at the top of the back slipping over the hook in the wall. Such a tank is best made of galvanized iron.—Farm and Home.

Starting with Poultry.

The questions, how many fowls to keep, the best variety to begin with, and how to manage profitably, come up to the farmer with his first thought upon the subject of keeping poultry. He should not enter a new field of enterprise hastily, anticipating more than he can make his stock produce for him. If he has suitable accommodations, one hundred, or even fifty, blooded fowls are ample. They can be made to pay a larger net profit than double the number of ordinary dung-hill stock. For the farm, the Light Brahma, Plymouth Rock, Wyandotte and White Dorking are among the best. The white varieties look better about the barn. The Barred Plymouth Rock, Langshan Laced Wyandotte, and Java are also excellent. A farmer who carefully studies the best ways of handling his poultry is taught by his own observation and experience how to manage them profitably.—American Agriculturist.

Many losses occur in the increase of flocks by yarding sheep, horses, cattle and hogs together. Lambs do not thrive well with hogs, nor do sheep come up to the standard of expectation when trampled on by horses or hooked by cattle. Do not turn a flock of sheep and lambs into a field in spring and leave them there until fall. The chances are that none of them will be found when the owner calls for them.

Good grades of stock are always in demand in the markets. When prices are down the farmer should endeavor to gain something by increasing the weight and quality.

DEATH IN THE DESERT.

The Horrible Experience of a Party of Invading Chinese.

It has just come to light that a party of Chinese, who attempted to smuggle themselves into the United States from Lower California, got lost on the desert and had a terrible experience, one of the party dying of thirst and exposure. They found the frontier so closely guarded that they stole a march toward the eastward and got into the desert. Here they got lost and wandered aimlessly around for several days, suffering unutterable agonies.

One of the Mongolians was a youth of some fourteen years. He gave out under the terrible suffering and became crazy. In his ravings he imagined the blistering sands were limpid water and eagerly filled his parched mouth with the burning particles. This only added to his horrors, and pretty soon he lay down to die, his companions being in too pitiful a condition to render him any assistance. Here they heaped a pile of sand upon him and left him alone to sleep his last long slumber, while they, with swollen tongue, aching limbs and heavy hearts continued their aimless wanderings—lost in a trackless desert. It is asserted that they at last reached the railroad and soon reached Los Angeles—minus every thing they had attempted to bring into the country except the clothes upon their backs. They had thrown away the bundles containing the many things the Chinese hold dear, including a large quantity of opium, all of which mark their track upon the waste of sands.

As the almond-eyed ones have a system of spreading information among themselves, it is quite likely this terrible experience will serve to prevent any more of them attempting to invade the United States via the desert route.—San Diego (Cal.) Union.

—A little man asking how it happened that many beautiful ladies took up with but indifferent husbands, after many fine offers, was thus aptly answered by a mountain maiden: A young friend of hers, during a walk, requested her to go into a delightful canebrake, and there get him the handsomest reed; she must get it in once going through, without turning. She went, and coming out, brought him quite a mean reed. When he asked if that was the handsomest one she saw, "Oh, no," replied she, "I saw many finer as I went along, but I kept on in hopes of a much better, until I had gotten nearly through, and then was obliged to select the best that was left."—N. Y. Ledger.

—The young man had seized her hand, dropped on one knee and had got as far as—"Encouraged by your smiles, dearest girl, and by the kindness with which you have received my attentions, I am emboldened to"—when he suddenly stopped, his jaw fell and he stared in blank dismay at some object back of the young lady. "Go on, Mr. Ferguson," she said softly, unaware of any reason why he should pause. "Yes, go on, Mr. Ferguson!" echoed her father, who had just made his appearance at the door in the background. He held it invitingly open, and Mr. Ferguson went on.—Chicago Tribune.

—A monster shell has been presented to the Worcester (Mass.) Natural History Society. It is in halves, each half weighing about one hundred and twenty pounds, and was taken from the Indian ocean.

The spring lay of the hen is never thrown into the editorial waste basket. It finds a place on the editor's inside.—Norristown Herald.

Figures can't lie, but lies figure quite extensively in almost all statistical articles.—Boston Transcript.

A title often sells a book, but not so quickly as a pretty girl book-agent does.—Boston Courier.

When a man reaches forty he begins to look around for the names of men who distinguished themselves after that age.—Atchison Globe.

It must have been a wheelwright who was first put in spokesman by his felloes.—Texas Siftings.

Talk about word-painting! Where do you find the poet or novelist who can compare with the sign-writer.—Whiteside Herald.

A woman's indifference to her looks vanishes at the sight of a man as quick as a boy's lameness leaves him at the sound of a fire-bell.—Atchison Globe.

What nonsense this is going the rounds of the press, that such and such woman has been the first to be admitted to the practice of the law in this country. Haven't women, and particularly married women, been laying down the law to men for centuries!—Philadelphia Times.

Never tell a man he is in the heyday of his career. The heyday is frequently the day when man goes to seed.—Commercial Advertiser.

The fatality among census enumerators promises to be very great as soon as they get well under way with their questions.—Washington Star.

The average American citizen would turn his back on the greatest man that this world ever produced to look at a pretty eighteen-year-old girl with a new spring suit on and with a dimple in her chin.—Somerville Journal.

The fortunes of the politician and the gambler are in the hands of their friends.—Elmira Gazette.

Temporary insanity does a good deal more harm than the permanent variety; but what would the lawyers do without it?—Puck.

An American financier has recently published a 400-page volume on the currency. Who shall say that in this country the volume of currency is too small?—Texas Siftings.

A new company for the culture of cork has been formed in this country. It should have no trouble in floating its stock.—Binghamton Republican.

Doctors and ministers are about the only people in this world to whom people pay liberal wages for telling them disagreeable things.—Somerville Journal.

When a man gets famous it would seem that every man in the country used to play marbles with him at school.

To keep your head above water, put nothing but water in your stomach.—Boston Transcript.

When a girl is too cold to talk fast she lets her teeth chatter.—N. O. Picayune.

The thermometer is not only a measure of heat, but of the price of ice.—Puck.

A sausage skin is a ground hog case.—West Shore.